

DISASTER ERASES CLASS DISTINCTION

EARTHQUAKE AT SAN FRANCISCO PLACES RICH AND POOR ON SAME LEVEL.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT CATASTROPHE

Millionaire and Pauper Now Friends—Business Being Conducted Amid the Ruins—Heir to Wealth Earns on Sidewalk.

San Francisco, Cal.—This town is "on the level" in every sense of the word, writes Richard Barry. You can stand on Tar flat and see Telegraph hill with no obstruction but a few skyscraper skeletons. South of Van Ness avenue it is not even a junk heap. No more ghoulies are shot because there is nothing to steal, and they will have to pay men to carry off the smashed bricks, Russian, Telegraph and Nob hills, which formerly made such a magnificent metropolitan saddle against the Golden Gate, look as they do in the prints of '49, when scrubby bushes rambled across their barren faces. They have been scraped of foul and fair by a mighty muck rake. The homes of three-fourths of the people are annihilated, and as one walks through the desolation he slowly realizes that the world can never know what has happened; that 100 Pompeis would be swallowed in these ruins and that California in tragedy, as in all else, has shaken her jaunty flat in the face of history and written "finis" to the volume.

Social Distinctions Levelled.

Yet these smashed buildings and desolate streets do not present the significant leveling. The material loss is great, but it does not stagger the imagination. A few hundred millions will mend the hurt and there are many people here to-day who think the shake-up is worth the leveling. Society is on the ground, face to face. Every artificial barrier is swept away. The social distinctions built up in 50 years have been obliterated with the same swiftness and finality shown by the flames toward the property. The loss of life is small, the loss of social position colossal. Down to the elements, now nothing counts but human loss. Money has momentarily lost its purchasing power. Servants, luxury, habits, prestige—yes, amity, funds, hatred, jealousy and contempt have disappeared. Humanity is in the flat and every one is on the level.

Here are a few random incidents picked from the edge of the cataclysm: Fillmore street, a third-rate metropolitan artery, has become for the moment the business center of the town. Here, in dinky bakeries, cheap candy stores, tawdry photograph galleries and insignificant lodging houses, are found all that is left of the greatest business institutions on the Pacific coast. A sawmill that formerly employed 4,000 men has its office in a hall bedroom that used to rent for one dollar a week. A bakery that employed 300 carts before the fire is operating out of a hand laundry that was run by three women. The largest department store in the west is being resurrected from a soda water stand that has been roughly partitioned, the front 14 by 16 feet space being used for an office. In a rear room of similar extent the exclusive heads go for fridges and coffee warmed over an alcohol lamp.

Odd Quarters for City Officials.

You can see the chief of police in San Francisco as easily as you could see the sheriff of the most backward county in Arizona. He sits in the window of a corner grocery and as you pass on the sidewalk you glance at his bright face and hear his gleeful laugh. The mayor issues his orders from the lodge room of a secret society. The superior court is being held in a Jewish synagogue, while the city and county records are buried in a tomb in the Masonic cemetery.

The newspapers that once occupied the principal skyscrapers in the city are being operated from four little rooms in the same block, no one of which has more than a 20-foot front or a 50-foot depth. On one side of each room you can see the sign "Subscription Department," on the other "Advertising Department," while on each rear wall is hung a rough sign, "Editorial Department."

One Newspaper Office a Bedroom.

One of the most fortunate papers, after much maneuvering, has managed to commandeer a second-floor bedroom, the nature of whose previous occupants is attested by the notice still hanging from the chandelier, which reads, "Don't Blow Out the Gas." In this tiny room, around two small tables, is congregated the journalistic talent that formerly conducted a world-famous organ from a suite of 15 rooms in one of the most magnificent buildings in the west.

10,000 Acres Burned Over.

A well-known Oakland engineer states that the area devastated by the fire in San Francisco approximates 10,000 acres, or about 15 square miles. There are few cities in the world where so much valuable property is contained in an equal territory. Within this 15 square miles were nearly 100 banks, some of the finest buildings in the world, thousands of mercantile and manufacturing establishments, and more than 230,000 inhabitants, besides 40,000 transients.

Rebuild Fairmont Hotel.

Work on the great Fairmont hotel, California and Powell streets was commenced Friday. A rough inspection showed that only the woodwork of the building had been destroyed and that the walls are in good shape. The building would have been finished by the first of next November and the opening is expected will not be delayed more than three months after the date originally set. The effects of smoke and flame on the outside walls are being removed and in a few days the great building will show few outward signs of the conflagration.

If further proof were needed of the leveling character of conditions it might have been seen yesterday afternoon, when "Mike" De Young, of the Chronicle, millionaire and political leader, stood in front of one of these little offices. Down the street in an automobile belonging to ex-Mayor James D. Phelan came Abe Reuf, the triumphant Republican boss. When he saw De Young he waved his hand and called out a hearty greeting, to which De Young responded with a gay salute. For one not intimate with San Francisco to fully realize what this means he must be told that Reuf, Phelan and De Young are the respective leaders of the most bitter and antagonistic political factions in the west.

If you still doubt that the millennium is upon us go down the street two blocks to where the relief committee is working 24 hours a day from the showroom of a vegetable grocer and you will find Gavin McNabb and Abe Reuf with chairs and arms touching, laughing at the same grim earthquake jokes and putting the two craftiest heads in San Francisco together for the immediate relief of the afflicted. A week ago as the bosses respectively of the Republican and Democratic ranks, America could have afforded no more striking instance of deadly rivalry than would have been adduced by mention of these two names.

Resurrecting a Dry Goods Store.

From another cigar stand white haired, esthetic Raphael Well is resurrecting the most fashionable dry goods store in the city. He is old, wealthy and practically retired. He could easily turn his back on San Francisco and live the rest of his days, the one other place of his delight; but says he: "I shall stay here and see it all up again just as it was—with perhaps one difference, it will be about twice as good."

Up and down all the streets one can see curbstones, where the people are cooking their meals in obedience to the municipal order to light no fires in the houses. They being without large ranges, small kitchen stoves, improvised sheet iron ovens and the old brick Dutch ovens are used and from which are turned out some wonderful concoctions.

Most of the servants have either run away or been sent away and the people who get their own meals out of doors are among the best in the city. Cooking their dinners in the streets may be seen girls who have been educated at Stanford, Berkeley, Vassar and Bryn Mawr.

Spreckels Heir Born on Sidewalk.

But of all the astounding leveling feats accomplished by the fire and earthquake the most remarkable occurred in front of the Pacific avenue home of Rudolf Spreckels, son of the president of the sugar trust. There on the sidewalk, behind some screens Mrs. Spreckels was safely delivered of a handsome and healthy son. It is a free state, everyone beginning over again, rich and poor alike, just as the front rank broke from the line the day Oklahoma territory was opened to settlement.

Not Fair Shake; Start Again.

Young men who can swing a small capital to-day will be millionaires in a few years. Millionaires who to-day are walking the streets mourning over their ill-luck will never again be flush. San Francisco, queen city of chance, born of the gambling fever, bred of the gambling energy, dreamed out of a gambler's visions of wealth and glory, with a fierce and terrible grandeur, has smitten all who loved her and said to the half million who had sworn by her: "It's not a fair shake; start again."

Rescue Insane People.

Many stories of heroism lie buried in the ruins, but some tales that make the heart tingle are slowly filtering through official sources. This is the story of the noble work performed by Mrs. Kane, matron of the Detention hospital, and Policeman John McLean, who was detailed there the night of the great earthquake. The insane patients at the ruined city hall were kept in locked cells, from which only the keys of the stewards could free them. At the hour of dawn on that fatal Wednesday morning, the structure in which the courts were housed was the first to fall. The weight of the falling ruins and the officer the detention hospital, which was on the ground floor. Steward Manville was so badly injured by the falling ruins that he died two days later. Mrs. Kane and Policeman McLean, however, managed to rush outside to momentary safety. Both of them are well advanced in years, but the nurse is a woman of intense nervous energy and the officer is a man of giant frame. As soon as they reached the open court they were greeted by the terrified shrieks of the insane that pierced through the smoking ruins around. They refused to leave their helpless charges, and both went back into the chaotic debris.

New Buildings Are Planned.

The work of rebuilding San Francisco will proceed rapidly. Mrs. Herman Oelrichs of New York has agreed to repair the Rialto building and to build again on the site of the Crocker. She and her sister, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., have also stated that they will put up office structures on their Montgomery street site.

To Ask Loan of Congress.

Congress may be asked to appropriate \$100,000,000 to rebuild a new metropolis on the Pacific coast on the site of the devastated city, the money to be loaned on real estate security for 25 years at two per cent. per annum.

This project, it is said, will be laid before the president and the leaders of both political parties in congress by Herbert Law, a San Francisco capitalist, after a conference with the leading business men of the city.

Loss of Life Exaggerated.

Secretary Metcalf, who went to San Francisco as the representative of the national administration, with instructions from the president to report to him regarding the conditions in the stricken city as he should find them, has wired the president a complete summary of the situation. He thinks the loss of life will not exceed 300, the injured being about 1,000. The loss to government buildings is not so heavy as the early reports indicated. Secretary Metcalf says, however, that the industrial and commercial losses are appalling.

MISSOURI GLEANINGS.

Barrington Witness Kills Himself.

Clayton—John M. Oellien, a former deputy sheriff in St. Louis county, took carbolic acid at his home at Madisonville, where he owned a saloon, and died before a physician could reach him. No cause could be assigned except that he had been drinking. He is said to have been subject to spells of despondency. Oellien was one of the chief witnesses against F. Seymour Barrington, convicted at Clayton of murdering James P. McCann. At the time of the murder he was motorman on the St. Louis & St. Charles line. His car carried Barrington and McCann to Bondia, and he talked to the men as they left the car. He also testified to hearing revolver shots and screams. On his return from St. Charles, Oellien told his wife that he wanted to lie down, and went to his room. Soon afterward Mrs. Oellien found her husband dying. Coroner Koch announced that death had been caused by acid self-administered. Oellien was 35 years old, and is survived by a widow and two children.

Missouri Railroad Figures.

Jefferson City—The thirty annual report of the state board of railroad and warehouse commissioners for the year ending June 30, which is now being distributed, shows the increase in mileage to be 318.37 miles, and the total mileage of the state 7,819.36. The total taxes, state, county, municipal and school, paid in the state by the railroad companies is \$1,565,330.22, or considerably more than one-third of the total amount of taxes collected from all sources. The six heaviest taxpayers are: St. Louis & San Francisco, \$249,143.10; Missouri Pacific, \$192,879.96; Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, \$190,031.86; Wabash, \$175,275.11; Terminal Railway Association of St. Louis, \$99,794.66, and Missouri, Kansas & Texas, \$88,504.44.

To Make Insurance Ruling.

Jefferson City—State Superintendent of Insurance Vandiver says that since the warfare waged against the larger old-line life insurance companies in this state, his department has been overrun with applications from life insurance companies of every conceivable nature for licenses to do business in Missouri. He says his department will make a ruling that any of these concerns applying for license must first show that they have been in operation at least one year in the state in which originally chartered.

Kent Heads Missouri Commissioners.

Jefferson City—The Missouri commissioners to the Jamestown centennial exposition perfected an organization by the election of the following officers: President, Henry T. Kent, of St. Joseph; superintendent, J. Ed. Crumbaugh, of Columbia. The commissioners will ask for a further appropriation with which to erect a Missouri building. Mr. Crumbaugh's salary was fixed at \$125 per month.

State University's Mock Trial.

Columbia—The annual mock trial given here proved to be the best entertainment in the university in years. The trial was before the gates of St. Peter. St. Peter finally admitted all applicants except Dr. C. W. Hetherington, the athletic director, and Prof. Fritz Krull, professor of music at the university.

Fatal Accident on River.

Clayton—Arthur Lamping, aged 13, was accidentally killed near Valley Park, on the Meramec river, by George Coslow, a member of a yachting party, who was shooting at a bird. Lamping was on the bank, and the bullet pierced his heart. The coroner's inquest resulted in a verdict of accident.

Copper Found in Nodaway County.

St. Joseph—Workmen engaged in sinking a shaft near Quitman, Nodaway county, think they have made a rich strike. At a depth of 400 feet the men unearthed copper ore in small quantities. Specimens of ore have been shipped to a St. Louis assayer for examination.

Gave Life For Grandson.

St. Joseph—Mrs. Mary O'Neal, a widow, aged 45, sacrificed her life for her little grandson, the 2-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Richardson, when she was burned while dragging the lad to a place of safety, following the explosion of a gasoline stove.

Walker's Sentence Commuted.

Jefferson City—Walter Walker is to be released from the penitentiary June 15, his two-year sentence, which began in July, 1905, having been commuted by the governor. Walker was sent up from Jasper county for felonious assault upon a man named Deitz.

Aged Man Ends His Troubles.

St. James—An old Frenchman named Peloid hanged himself to a tree. A few months ago he gave his property to a neighbor, who in turn was to give the old man a home for life.

Jamestown's Missouri Building.

Jefferson City—The Missouri building at the Jamestown exposition will be similar in construction to the Missouri building at Portland, Ore.

Methodists in Conference.

Mountain Grove—The district conference of the Springfield district, M. E. church south, was held here. The discussions were very interesting.

Soll in Excellent Condition.

Columbia—Under the influence of sunshine and fresh southerly winds, Missouri soil has dried out rapidly and is in excellent condition.

Quarrelled With Wife, Suicided.

St. Louis—After a quarrel with his wife, Edward Blomberg suicided by shooting himself in the head in the cellar of his home.

Reward For Robert Sassaman.

Jefferson City—Gov. Folk has renewed the \$200 reward for Robert Sassaman, who is wanted for murder in Johnson county.

Fined For Having Quarrel.

St. Louis—It cost Louis Girard, manager of the Buckingham club, \$50 and costs for having possession of 13 quail out of season.

To Systematize Highway Work.

Jefferson City—Gov. Folk has under consideration the systematizing of work on Missouri's public highways.

PECK'S BAD BOY WITH THE CIRCUS

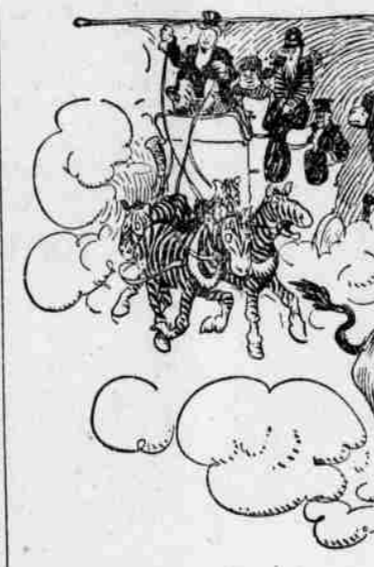
By HON. GEORGE W. PECK
Author of "Peck's Bad Boy Abroad," Etc.

(Copyright by J. B. Burrows.)

Pa Breaks In the Zebras and Drives a Six-in-Hand Team in the Parade—The Freaks Have a Narrow Escape from Drowning.

Pa is stuck on the zebras. I do not know what there is about a zebra, unless it is the wall paper effects of his exterior decoration that should make a man leave all the other animals and cleave unto the zebra, but Pa has been putting in his leisure time all summer breaking the zebras to harness, and driving them single and double in the ring Sundays.

Everybody about the show knew Pa was going to spring some surprise on us. I have tried to reason Pa out of his unnatural infatuation for zebras, but you might as well talk to a rich old man who gets stuck on a chorus girl, and gives her all his money, and has to go and live at the poor house. A zebra always looks to me like a joke that nature has played. Who, but nature, would ever think of laying out a plan for a zebra, and painting it in



There Never Was Such a Runaway Since the Days of Ben-Hur.

stripes, like a barber's pole, and yet we must admit that few human artists could paint a million zebras and get the stripes on as perfect as nature does with her eyes shut. The mule and the zebra are distant relatives, 'cause lots of mules have a few stripes on their legs, but the zebra is the eldest son who is aristocratic and inherits the stuff, while the mule is the younger son who never gets a look in for the money, but has to work for a living. So it is no wonder to me that the mule kicks. The zebra is the duke of the family, and the mule looks up to him, when he ought to kick his slats in, and rub out his stripes with a mule shoe eraser.

While Pa was in the hospital at Kansas City he formed a plan to paralyze the town by driving six zebras to a tally-ho coach, in the parade, and the reporters interviewed Pa, and the papers were full of it, and the people were wild with excitement, and everybody wanted to see a six-in-hand zebra team, driven by Alkali Ike, one of the greatest western stage drivers that was ever held up by road agents. Pa was to be Alkali Ike. The show struck Kansas City Sunday morning, and the

porter, and scratched his face with her whiskers, while the Circassian girl got her white wig caught in the branch of a tree and lost it, and she was as bald as an ostrich egg. Pa took out the whip and lapped the zebras, to put some new stripes on them.

When we passed the camels they thought they were in the race, and they buckled in to keep up, and the chariot horses got the best of the drivers and they joined in. My mule kept up all right, and we went down the hill on to the level ground that runs to the Missouri river. When we got to the river the zebras turned short and tipped the tally-ho over into the water, and the whole bunch on the coach was foundering in the muddy water; but there happened to be a sandbar under the water, so nobody was drowned, though we had to bail out the fat woman, she swallowed so much of the muddy river. The giant was senseless and two reporters got astride of him, thinking it was a rail, and drifted ashore, while Pa laid on his back and floated like a duck, and when we got him out we found he had a life-preserver under his coat,



The Zebras Turned Short and Tipped the Tally-Ho Over Into the Water.

management was scared at what Pa had advertised to do, and they all wanted to call off the zebra stunt, but Pa said if they cut it out the people Sunday would show, so all day Sunday we hooked up the six zebras, and the hands led them around the tent with a mule with a bell on ridden in the lead. They seemed to go pretty well, but I could see Pa's finish when he got out on the streets with that crazy team. Pa wanted all the freaks to ride on the tally-ho, and he had invited nine newspaper fellows to ride with him. Pa thought the zebra team would follow the bell mule ahead, like a 20-mule borax team would.

Well, Monday morning the parade started, and along about the middle of the parade, just ahead of the callopo, was Pa and his six zebra team, his freaks and reporters, and Pa handled the ribbons like a pirate. The fat woman sat on the driver's seat with Pa, for ballast, and the rest of the freaks were sandwiched in between the reporters. We went along all right for half a mile, the circus hands walking beside the zebras, to kill them if they tried to jump over a house, while I rode the bell mule. If I had been planning the zebra business, I would have picked out a level town to try it on, but Kansas City is all

hills and ravines, and going up hill the zebras' tally-ho had to be pushed by a couple of elephants, 'cause the zebras wouldn't pull the load, and going down hill we had to lock the wheels, and slide down.

When we got on the main street, where the crowd filled both sides, almost up to the team, and the people began to cheer, the zebras began to waltz and kick, and try to jump over each other, but the hands got them untangled, and we worried along, though Pa was pale, and looked like a man smoking a cigar while sitting on an open powder keg. The fat woman grabbed Pa every little while, and screamed that she wanted to get off and walk, but Pa told her to hush up and try to be a man.

Well, as we were going down hill, by a park, near the Midland hotel, that confounded callopo had got right up behind the tally-ho, and the organist cut her loose, with the tune: "A Life on the Ocean Wave." Every zebra jumped into the air, the brake footpiece escaped Pa's foot, and the tally-ho run on to the heels of the wheel zebras, and it was all off. There never was such a runaway since the days of Ben Hur. Pa had presence of mind enough to make the fat lady get down off the seat, and he put his feet on her to hold her down, the crowd yelled, and our zebras run into the cage ahead, containing the behemoth of Holy Writ, and knocked off a hind wheel, and every wagon ahead was either tipped over or disabled. The people fairly went wild, thinking the runaway was a part of the show. The giant fainted from fright, 'cause he always was a coward; the bearded woman threw her arms around a re-



There Never Was Such a Runaway Since the Days of Ben-Hur.

porter, and scratched his face with her whiskers, while the Circassian girl got her white wig caught in the branch of a tree and lost it, and she was as bald as an ostrich egg. Pa took out the whip and lapped the zebras, to put some new stripes on them.

When we passed the camels they thought they were in the race, and they buckled in to keep up, and the chariot horses got the best of the drivers and they joined in. My mule kept up all right, and we went down the hill on to the level ground that runs to the Missouri river. When we got to the river the zebras turned short and tipped the tally-ho over into the water, and the whole bunch on the coach was foundering in the muddy water; but there happened to be a sandbar under the water, so nobody was drowned, though we had to bail out the fat woman, she swallowed so much of the muddy river. The giant was senseless and two reporters got astride of him, thinking it was a rail, and drifted ashore, while Pa laid on his back and floated like a duck, and when we got him out we found he had a life-preserver under his coat,

porter, and scratched his face with her whiskers, while the Circassian girl got her white wig caught in the branch of a tree and lost it, and she was as bald as an ostrich egg. Pa took out the whip and lapped the zebras, to put some new stripes on them.

When we passed the camels they thought they were in the race, and they buckled in to keep up, and the chariot horses got the best of the drivers and they joined in. My mule kept up all right, and we went down the hill on to the level ground that runs to the Missouri river. When we got to the river the zebras turned short and tipped the tally-ho over into the water, and the whole bunch on the coach was foundering in the muddy water; but there happened to be a sandbar under the water, so nobody was drowned, though we had to bail out the fat woman, she swallowed so much of the muddy river. The giant was senseless and two reporters got astride of him, thinking it was a rail, and drifted ashore, while Pa laid on his back and floated like a duck, and when we got him out we found he had a life-preserver under his coat,



The Zebras Turned Short and Tipped the Tally-Ho Over Into the Water.

management was scared at what Pa had advertised to do, and they all wanted to call off the zebra stunt, but Pa said if they cut it out the people Sunday would show, so all day Sunday we hooked up the six zebras, and the hands led them around the tent with a mule with a bell on ridden in the lead. They seemed to go pretty well, but I could see Pa's finish when he got out on the streets with that crazy team. Pa wanted all the freaks to ride on the tally-ho, and he had invited nine newspaper fellows to ride with him. Pa thought the zebra team would follow the bell mule ahead, like a 20-mule borax team would.

Well, Monday morning the parade started, and along about the middle of the parade, just ahead of the callopo, was Pa and his six zebra team, his freaks and reporters, and Pa handled the ribbons like a pirate. The fat woman sat on the driver's seat with Pa, for ballast, and the rest of the freaks were sandwiched in between the reporters. We went along all right for half a mile, the circus hands walking beside the zebras, to kill them if they tried to jump over a house, while I rode the bell mule. If I had been planning the zebra business, I would have picked out a level town to try it on, but Kansas City is all

hills and ravines, and going up hill the zebras' tally-ho had to be pushed by a couple of elephants, 'cause the zebras wouldn't pull the load, and going down hill we had to lock the wheels, and slide down.

When we got on the main street, where the crowd filled both sides, almost up to the team, and the people began to cheer, the zebras began to waltz and kick, and try to jump over each other, but the hands got them untangled, and we worried along, though Pa was pale, and looked like a man smoking a cigar while sitting on an open powder keg. The fat woman grabbed Pa every little while, and screamed that she wanted to get off and walk, but Pa told her to hush up and try to be a man.

Well, as we were going down hill, by a park, near the Midland hotel, that confounded callopo had got right up behind the tally-ho, and the organist cut her loose, with the tune: "A Life on the Ocean Wave." Every zebra jumped into the air, the brake footpiece escaped Pa's foot, and the tally-ho run on to the heels of the wheel zebras, and it was all off. There never was such a runaway since the days of Ben Hur. Pa had presence of mind enough to make the fat lady get down off the seat, and he put his feet on her to hold her down, the crowd yelled, and our zebras run into the cage ahead, containing the behemoth of Holy Writ, and knocked off a hind wheel, and every wagon ahead was either tipped over or disabled. The people fairly went wild, thinking the runaway was a part of the show. The giant fainted from fright, 'cause he always was a coward; the bearded woman threw her arms around a re-

pa that grew out on him in Indian territory. Gee, but if I had to leave the circus business and go back to school, I know I should die of loneliness.

I got a chance to talk with Pa at supper, and asked him if he was really crazy, as the hands say he is, and how he liked zebras, anyway, and he said: "Henery, zebras are just people, they stampee just like polli clans and bankers, and business men generally, and never know enough to let well enough alone. The mule is the only draft animal that always pulls straight, and gets there right side up."

If I was going to run a circus for easy money, and a picnic, I wouldn't have any menagerie connected with it, 'cause the animals make more trouble than all the rest of the show. They are just like a lot of children in a reform school, they don't want to work, and they are just looking for a chance to fight when your back is turned, or to escape. They don't know where they would go if they did escape, but they don't want any body over them, to teach them morals, though when meal time comes the reform school boys and the menagerie animals eat like tramps, because the food is so good, and then kick because it isn't better. If your performers in the circus proper do not suit you can discharge them, and if they are sick you can leave them in a hospital, and go on with the show, and forget about them until they show up in a week or two, pale as ghosts, and weak as cats, and demand back salary; but your animal has to be taken along and petted, and when you give him medicine to save his life, he will try to bite your hand off.

And yet you can't help getting stuck on the animals, and a man gets stuck on the kind of animal that is most like him. The grizzly old granger, who never buttons the collar of his shirt, and whose Adam's apple looks like a hen's head, will stay by the camels, hours at a time, the plous church man feels at home among the sacred cattle, the strong-arm hold up man will linger by the grizzly bear, the prize-fighter will haunt the lions' den, the garrotter will gaze longingly at the tigers, the sneak thief seems to love the hyenas, and the big game hunters watch the deer and elk. Some of us who have brains love the monkeys, they are so human.

THEN HE MADE HIS ESCAPE

Papa Had an Idea Which Proved to Be Just What Was Needed.

This may not be a new way of getting rid of a persistent caller, but it has certainly not grown stale by application, and has the interest of an actual recent occurrence, relates Judge. The father's business takes him out of town a good deal, and the daughter has a caller with whom there is an understanding that it is only the final stage before the engagement. The other night the father served general notice that he must take an early train, and must be called for it. The same evening came the fortunate young man referred to.

By ten o'clock the old gentleman had the flags, and rapidly reached the conclusion that his comfort was a minor consideration in that house. This is not true, but it is a conviction that frequently seizes the head of a family when he is out of sorts. He slammed several doors as a reminder to the caller. He raised the minor window three times, and it always makes more noise when being lowered. He put out lights wherever they were not an absolute necessity, called to the younger children that it was high time they were asleep, and dropped a shoe every three or four minutes with a hope that it would serve as a hint.

When everything else had failed and his patience was about exhausted he went to the top of the stairs and shouted:

"Gladys, did or did I not tell you to call me at 4:30, so that I could get my train?"

"You told me, papa."

"Why in creation didn't you attend to it, then?"

For less than a minute there was some tall hustling below stairs and one could have heard a pin drop while the caller was making his sneak into outer darkness.

Car-Wheel Rhyming.

Explaining the vast output of verse from Evanston, Ill., Dr. Kellogg, of Northwestern university, says that it is due to the fact that many students ride daily from Evanston to Chicago and are inspired by the regular "clicking" of the car wheels to "think in numbers," as it were. This gives a certain cadence and measure to their spoken and written words, and soon they unconsciously drop into poetry. This explanation also explains the contention of certain bilious commentators that this was a happier world when there were no railroads—there was less verse. But, perhaps, the evil will bring about its own remedy, for with the extension of trolley and railroad service, every one will get into the rhythmic mode of speech, and every person will be his own poet. With so much of it, hopefully remarks another writer, our ears will become calloused to the "damning iteratim" of rhyme and beat, and we will not notice it. Now, this street car inspired verse jars upon us. The tracks are so unevenly constructed and "joints" so badly done, that the consequent verse lacks smoothness. We could not explain it before, but that is what ails it. We can now read our own compositions of the past and tell exactly where we ran over a pebble or when we rode on a car that had a "flat wheel." It is to be hoped that in consideration of Dr. Kellogg's discovery, and of the public patience, the railway companies will improve their trackage and keep the rolling stock in order. It will insure a smoother meter.

Uphill Fight in Russia.

It is an uphill fight in Russia against the vested wrongs of ages and against the turbulent and elemental passions of the mob, but there is reason to think that little by little it is being won for reason, order and liberty.

AWFUL SUFFERING

From Dreadful Pains from Wound on Foot—System All Run Down—Miraculous Cure by Cuticura.

"Words cannot speak highly enough for the Cuticura Remedies. I am now seventy-two years of age. My system had been all run down. My blood was so bad that blood poisoning had set in. I had several doctors attend me, but finally I went to the hospital, where I was laid up for two months. My foot and ankle were almost beyond recognition. Dark blood flowed out of my wounds, and I was so disheartened that I thought surely my last chance was slowly leaving me. As the foot did not improve, you can readily imagine how I felt. I was simply disgusted and tired of life. I stood this pain, which was dreadful, for six months, and during this time I was not able to wear a shoe and not able to work. Some one spoke to me about Cuticura. The consequences were I bought a set of the Cuticura Remedies took effect immediately. I washed the foot with the Cuticura Soap and applied the ointment and I took the Eucalypti at the same time. After two weeks' treatment my foot was healed completely. People who had seen my foot during my illness and who have seen it since the cure, can hardly believe their own eyes. Robert Schoenhauer, Newburgh, N. Y., Aug. 21, 1905."

HE HAD ENERGY TO SPARE

Animal of the Prepuisive Posterior Persuades Foolish Man to Philophaize.

A man in the southwest had so much nervous energy to spare that when his mule's will and his crossed he tried to persuade the intelligent animal by a firm, well